THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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Here and There.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will preside on Monday next, at the Society of Arts, at the committee appointed, upon the request of her Majesty's Commissioners, to organise the Educational Division of the Annual International Exhibitions, commencing in 1871.

On parlait dernièrement devant Mme B— d'une femme à la mode qui fait un peu jaser d'elle.

Quelqu'un s'avisa de dire que cette beauté n'avait pas moins de dix amants.

"Voi à comme on exagère! s'écria aussitôt Mme B— Dix amants! Je voudrais avoir ce qu'il en manque."

Many years ago—we cannot state the exact time—there were two schoolfellows, one named William Ewart Gladstone, the other Luke Hamer. The former quitted school for the Senate, and became as distinguished in politics as he had in early life been in letters. Fortune was not fickle to him, and he is now the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Luke Hamer's career seems to have been far more chequered with the ills of life; and the world would have remained ignorant even of his existence had he not recently applied for an appointment to a public office. The office in question has no connection with the Cabinet. It is only that of porter at the Ormskirk Workhouse. Poor Luke Hamer, who now verges on his sixtieth year, has probably had a hard battle in the world, and things must have gone ill with him if his story be true that he went to school with the present Premier. We have no reason to doubt it, for it was told to the guardians, who could easily have tested its truth had they thought it necessary to do so. Luke Hamer was one of five candidates for the humble office, and the guardians appointed him to it on Thursday.

The Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, commenced the season on Tuesday with a performance of *Lucia*, Madlle. Sessi, who made her début, achieved a legitimate success.

The first number of Mr. Charles Dickens' New Story, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," was published on Thursday last.

Marie Roze, who is at present studying a part in *L'Ombre*, which MM. de Saint-Georges and Flatow are about to bring out at the Lyrique, Paris, was remarked of late to be nervous and pre-occupied, and, on being questioned by her friends, declared that she had received a number of anonymous letters from an unknown admirer,—the missives being remarkable alike for their ardour and their bad spelling; the last one had directed her to be on a certain evening, at half-past five, alone, in front of the Church of the Trinity, as, if not, she might reckon on having her face sprinkled over with sulphuric acid. Her frends insisted on her lodging a complaint at the prefecture of police. On the day appointed the young actress was at the place of rendezvous, and a young workman, in a blouse and cloth-cap, came up and addressed her: "Ah! you have come! Are you alone?" "Yes." "Well, it is not I who wrote, but my brother. He is there in that hackney-coach." At that moment several police-agents seized on the man, and, proceeding to the carriage found it empty. Of course he was detained in custody to answer the offence. It appears that this is not his first attempt, as, before offering his heart to Mdlle. Roze, he had laid it—in precisely the same manner—at the feet of Mdlle. Massin, of the Gymnase. He must at all events be allowed to have good taste in thus selecting two of the prettiest actresses in Paris.

"Oui, ma petite, une vierge de Raphaël, qui est arrivée d'Italie, on en demande un million."

"Un million pour une seule vierge!—si j'avais su!—"

Drury Lane season (dramatic) terminates this evening, when the popular lessee, Mr. F. B. Chatterton, will take his benefit.

The Pawnbrokers' Bill of Mr. Plimsoll and Mr. Sidebotham has been published. It provides a new schedule of monthly profits, the rate being one half-penny for every 2s. up to 42s., and one halfpenny per half-crown for sums exceeding 42s. up to £10. The other principal points are provision for special contract at a higher rate of interest, and the forfeiture of unredeemed pledges at the end of six months.

Que pensez-vous de madame X— estelle bonne ou méchante?

"Ni l'un ni l'autre! C'est une femme qui jetterait volontiers tous ses amis à l'eau d'un coup de filet pour avoir le plaisir de les repêcher un à un, à la ligne."

Maman avait dit à bébé:

"Ne t'approches pas trop du feu, ça gâte le teint."

Le lendemain, c'était le jour où madame restait chez elle. Un ami de la maison, tout en causant, se lève et met son dos au feu en relevant les basques de son habit, avec le geste que vous connaissez.

"Oh monsieur! prends bien garde au feu, s'écrie bébé; tu vas te gâter le teint."

N'est-ce pas, petite mère?

The Ulster Custom:—Wearing McGee's coat.

The following specimens of Madrassee English are to be found in the *Madras Athenæum*:—"An ex-schoolmaster, petitioning for a clerkship, promises that 'I and my family will ever cease to pray to the humble Almighty to shower his blessings on you for ever and ever.' Another, begging for an increase of salary on account of the rise in prices, says:—'My pain and sufferings are impeachable, and lie only in the comprehension of gentlemen of your honourable disposition, ready to open your bowels of compassion to sympathise with the afflicted, and by extending your gracious hand to shoulder them from the civil darts of this dear city.' A third makes the following excuse for absence:—'Please excuse attending office to-day, as my grandmother despatched her life, and want to go to firing place to see body fired and ashes put in the hole.' A clerk, complaining of 'fever and grapes,' requests a day's leave, as he is 'unfortunately ill by blessing of God.'"

"Vous bailley" disait une femme à son mari. "Ma chère amie," lui repondit il. "Le mari et la femme ne sont *qu'un*, eh quand je suis seul je ne' ennuie."

A strange tragedy occurred on Wednesday night, on the banks of the Rye, near Ryton, a few miles north of Malton. So far as is at present known, a policeman met two men on the river-side, who, on his approach, threw some things (thought to be skeleton keys) into the river. The men refused to say what they had thus disposed of, and the policeman attempted to make both men prisoners. A conflict ensued, the policeman being badly hurt. A farmer was making to the place to assist the policeman, but on seeing him approach the two men ran away. An old tree overhung the river, and by means of this they tried to get across to the Malton side. The tree gave way, and both men fell into the river and were drowned. The bodies of the two unknown men have been found in the river. There is no clue to their identity.

Saisi, près du lit de l'accouchée, par Valter, du *Charivari*; le médecin s'adresse au protecteur en *off* de la jeune actrice:

"Comme elle vous ressemble! dit-il."

"En effet, dit l'accouchée, c'est même extraordinaire."

American papers state that at midnight on Sunday, March 13, a mixed jury of men and women rendered a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree in the Cowie murder case, Wyoming Territory, after three or four days' incarceration. The ladies were very much fatigued.

The matadores, picadores, banderilleros, and other noble Spaniards, charged with "cruelty to four bullocks" at the Agricultural Hall, on the 26th and 28th inst., have been fined 20*s.* each.

We regret to state that General Grey died on Thursday night, having never recovered consciousness since the paralytic attack with which he was seized a few days ago.

Lord Courtenay, M.P. for East Devon, has made a formal application for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. Mr. Kennaway, a son of Sir John Kennaway, will be the candidate in the Conservative interest.

The Wicklow Peerage Case terminated on Thursday. Their lordships unanimously decided that the claimant, Charles Francis Arnold Howard, had fully made out his claim to the Earldon of Wicklow.

We hear from Paris that there was another disturbance at the School of Medicine on Wednesday. On Dr. Tardieu attempting to resume his lecture he was driven from the hall, and had to beat a precipitate retreat, an attempt having been made to stop his carrage.

The following letter from Mazzini, dated March 5th, appears in the *Unione Democratic* of Ravenna:—

"Brethren,—I received very late your letter of the 9th of February. I accept, and shall bear in mind, the concluding words of your communication, and I know that you will fulfil your manly promise.

"May your watchword be that of all the cities of Romagna! May they understand that if a movement, noble by the faith and powerful by the will which inspires it, begins on any important point, every city must consider it a duty to follow the initiative, and follow it without delay, without waiting for further instruction or concert, and without nice strategical combinations, which may have their value in war, but which are unsuitable to the purposes of an insurrection. Action must beget action, and must improve the opportunity which it is in our power to create.—Yours now and for ever,

G. Mazzini."

Three suicides have taken place within a week at Monaco by persons ruined at the gaming-table there. One of the number was a former actor at the Italian Theatre at Nice.

The Yankee papers are asking their readers to repeat the following words:—"And she stood in the arbour welcoming him in."

The most exclusive club in London, the Guards, has just admitted a number of members without the preliminary process of a ballot. The result has been that the new comers have expelled the original inmates, and now the doors of the bow-windowed house in Pall-mall are closed against all the world. In short, the bailiffs are in posession—and the Guardsmen in the streets.

A velocipede race has just taken place from Toulouse to Villefranche de Lauraguais, a total distance of 63 kilometres (39½ miles). Fifteen competitors started, and the winner was Leotard, the celebrated gymnast, who accomplished the journey in three hours 44 minutes. Mr. Tantz being second, in four hours three minutes. The first half of the trip was accomplished by them in one hour 37 minutes, or a speed of about 20 kilometres (12½ miles) an hour. On the return they had to contend against a very high wind.

Au bois:

"Dis donc, Estève, n'est-ce pas la petite du passage de—, là, dans cette victoria?—"

"Précicément."

"Je n'en reviens pas, comment, elle si sage, car elle était relativement sage—Ah ça, depuis quand a-t-elle voiture?"

"Parbleu, depuis qu'elle a cabriol'é."

Professor Tyndall, suggesting the cotton wool respirator, had no thought but to help his fellow creatures and to save life. Mr. Bloxam, however, the lecturer on chemistry to the department of artillery studies, has made a suggestion, which, if taken seriously, would be as ingeniously diabolical as the Powers of Darkness could wish. His proposal is, that abandoning gun cotton, we should collect in cotton wool the germs of smallpox and other malignant diseases, and load shells with them. In this way typhus and Asiatic cholera might be scattered broadcast among the enemy, whose army would melt away as

"The angel of Death spreads his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed."

The joke is rather a grim one it must be confessed. For the present, at any rate, ingenuity would be better expended in neutralising the effects of the typhus, cholera, and smallpox shells, which our foes—"Dirt, Crowding, and Mismanagement,"—are continually firing into our ranks.

The Man Abroad.

Paris, *March 31st.*

IT cannot be said that the comedy company which, under the *nom de guerre* of "The High Court of Justice," went down to give a series of representations to the good Tourangeaux, has been a success. Not that they have failed to carry out their engagements, but that, like unskilful authors, they had so constructed the plot that any one who had been in the way of theatre-going, ever so little, could not fail to have divined the issue from the moment the curtain rose. This want of success is the more surprising, as the opponents of the travelling players did all in their power to help them, instead of injuring them, by the violent language in which they indulged whilst the play was proceeding, directed against the person who filled the principal *rôle*. Descending from metaphor to plain English, there can be no question that the late trial at Tours is looked on very much in the light that I have put it. That Pierre Buonaparte would be acquitted every one could have told you long ago, but that he would be acquitted on his merits few could divine. Yet such is the case in my opinion. On the merits of the case, not *his*, perhaps I should say. When we bear in mind that Noir and Fonvielle, two of the most violent and foul-mouthed of a violent and foul-mouthed party, go, one of them with a revolver and sword-stick, to see the Prince in his own house; that two other members of the Rochefort brotherhood were waiting outside, also armed; that these ruffians had been passing their time in abusing, not only the Emperor and Prince Pierre himself, but the female members of the family, in the vilest *argot* of the Faubourg *tri pots*, it is only a fair conclusion to draw that there was a *parti pris* to insult him, and drag his name before the public. Fonvielle and the Prince himself must be equally distrusted as to what occurred at the interview. This leaves us with the various circumstantial witnesses who, in their turn, threw little light on the matter. The theory that Noir's glove being uncracked was a proof he had not given the Prince a blow is absurd, as he is certain to have given a blow with the open hand if he administered one at all, in which case the glove would not have given. Again, Fonvielle may have given the blow, and in the hurry and scuffle the Prince may have fancied it was the other. It does seem very laughable to think that Fonvielle has ten days' imprisonment, but that the Prince is free. The 25,000 francs damages and costs which he has to pay will no doubt be furnished from higher quarters, as he himself is not very abundantly blessed with this world's goods. People here, of course, abuse the jury, and say that, as nine-tenths of them wear the sign of Imperial goodwill, in the shape of decorations, in their button-holes, they were inspired with that gratitude which is, we are told, a lively sense of favours to come, and consequently acquitted the Prince, thinking to please H.I.M., and to serve their own interests accordingly. This is very unfair, as most of the jury are men independent of politics, of easy fortune, and, I should say, not easier to bribe than the average county magistrate in England. Besides, as far as the Emperor is concerned, it would have been much more in his interest to have had his cousin condemned to imprisonment than to let him off scot-free. It gives a handle to the "Irreconcilables" to calumniate and carpet the proceedings of the Court. This they have done very freely, and thereby further help to create an idea in the minds of most people that it is unfortunate the Prince could not have polished them all off, beginning with Rochefort and finishing with Paschal Grousset. Millière, alone of them, behaved like a gentleman in the whole course of the trial! I believe there was only a majority of one, for entire acquittal, of the high jury. It is credibly reported that the Prince received a visit from Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers on Sunday afternoon, when he had returned from the clock to the Hotel de l'Univers, not to be congratulated by the general, as has been said, but to be informed that the Emperor desired him to leave Tours by midnight. He has returned to Auteuil, where he has shut himself, and refused admission to nearly every one. There is a report that the Belleville roughs mean to give him "a jolly," if not to burn him out; but the police, no doubt, will take care of this. The weather has been so bitterly cold for the last few days that any intended demonstration, after the result of the trial, has been prematurely nipped in the bud; for your Parisian *badaud* will not face cold water or weather, whatever he may do against cannon and bayonets. Whether it is true that the Emperor has already banished the Prince or not from France, I cannot say with any degree of certainty, but I should say that he is certain to induce him to live beyond its confines, at least, for some little time. All's well that end's well; and if this Auteuil affair ends here, and does no further harm to the establishment of stability and freedom I shall be thankful—but I must say, astonished as well.

While in the neighbourhood of the Palais de Justice, I may inform you that the drunken Belgian footman, who murdered his mistress in the presence of her husband, just after Troppman's execution, and who endeavoured to murder one of his fellow-servants at the same time, has just been tried. The cold-blooded way in which he gave the court details of the crime was above belief. The unhappy lady resisted as much as possible, but he dragged her from the window, to which she had flown to cry for aid, and sawed her neck through with a carving-knife. His sole excuse was that she had accused him of getting drunk while waiting at table. He has been found guilty, and that without extenuating circumstances, and has been condemned to the guillotine. It may be remembered that the unfortunate lady's husband, who had been Consul-General of France in India, was paralysed and dumb. The awful sight, which he was an involuntary witness of, is said to have had such an effect on him that he has regained his speech and the use of his limbs. Another, and even more horrible crime than the above, is now occupying the attention of the Belgian Court of Assizes, at Mons. You may remember my telling you of a crime, resembling that of Troppman's somewhat, which was brought to light at about the period when his trial was coming on. One Dessons-le-Moustier, a small farmer, murdered, in March, 1868, three cattle dealers, all brothers, of the name of Thirion, and buried them in a well in his yard, which he afterwards walled-up. These murders he committed with the connivance of his wife and her father, who lived in the house. Le Moustier, fearing that they would turn king's evidence, got rid of the father in December, 1868, by poisoning him, and in October of last year the wife succumbed also to arsenic, which he administered. She was, however, able before her death to inform the doctor who had been called in of her husband's misdeeds. He confesses to all the murders. Plunder was his object in murdering the brothers Thirion, who had between them £400 or £500 in their possession at the time. He decoyed them to his house—one a few days after the other—without letting the one know that the other was coming. He will no doubt be condemned to death, and suffer its extreme penalty. I am as full of horrors this week as the *Illustrated Police News* (which, however, is, as far as its *pictures* go, as comic as the comic papers are revolting), but the *carême* has rendered Paris socially dead; and there is little amusement to be gleaned from the records of the Legislative Body. The Senate, it is true, have the important question of changing the Constitution before them, but, as they are certain to obey humbly the Emperor's directions, there is no likelihood of exciting debates in the solemn palace of the Luxembourg, where the matter is to be discussed to-morrow. It appears to me that the proposed changes will have the effect of making the Senate similar in its functions to the English House of Lords, the only, but great difference, being that our Chamber remains unhereditary. Otherwise, they are to have an equal right with the Lower Chamber of initiating measures (except those relating to money matters), and are to have the power of veto. It will, of course, pass, and be another to add to the long list of reforms granted by the Emperor during the past year for the purpose of rendering the succession of his son to the throne less thorny than it was before. Will he succeed in assuring him a home in the Tuileries when his master-mind is no longer there to guide and to direct? *Je m' en doute fort.*

I hear that there are some very awkward revelations to be made in reference to Haussman's conduct of the financial budget of the City of Paris. There are rumours of six hundred millions being the deficit, and people are asking about the destination of the four millions, which is the difference between the former sum and the deficit which Haussman declared to be two hundred millions. If he has robbed them, at least he has done something for them, which is more than can be said of the army of parasites who have fattened in the Senate, the Council of State, and the Palace, on the spoils which the Second Empire has provided them. You will see by the subjoined letter, which Citizen Flourens has addressed to the *Marseillaise*, that he is on a visit to you, but in a part of London where readers of *The Man about Town* are never seen, at all events after dark:—

28, Panton-street, March 23rd.

My Dear Friend,—Truly the Bonaparte police wastes its time. Yesterday a person hanging about the door of the hotel in which I am lodging, treated the waiter with a glass of ale, to scrape acquaintance, and offered him a monthly pension if he would give up letters addressed to me, and letters which I might send to the post. I now keep an eye npon this gentleman, and also upon two others who did me the honour of following me last night. I gave them a good long walk, and finally put them off the scent in the Strand. I will pay a handsome reward to any one who will bring them to me. And this is the way that the French public money is spent; while the workmen, expelled from Creuzot by Schneider-Pacha, are dying of hunger with their wives and children. And these are the means by which it is attempted to trump up a plot—no doubt a plot à la Boulogne, or à la Strasbourg.

Gustave Flourens.

Could the mysterious persons alluded to have had any connection with the establishment over the way; and may not Flourens be mistaken as to their object, which was perhaps only to solicit his patronage and custom? A declarer of republics may be as useful as a penniless member of the golden youth.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

No. 8.

From Miss Elizabeth Gusher to Miss Anna Maria Strongbow.

MY ANNA MARIA,—As the wail of woe reverberates through the Immense till it finds an Echo in the heart of Eternity, so has your cry struck suddenly upon a chord within my breast that has long been out of tune and harsh. Long since I dreamed idle dreams of what we, the mothers of mankind, should be, but an ungrateful world broke my jubilant spirit, and I sought peace in the realms of Philosophy. In the contemplation of the Me, the Not Me, and the Nobody Else, I found a silent charm which has long enthralled my soul. And now I see the secret of my life. I recognise the Call, and My researches amid the Realms of Reason, my logical faculties, my capacities for seeing farther into milestones than the majority of the short-sighted world, prepared me for a Throne in Woman's dawning Empire! For, observe: I have discovered a principle of Certitude; I agree with Kant. I do not know if my knowledge has any objective truth, that matters little; I am certain of its subjective truth, that is everything. For instance, in arguing with a man, I say such and such a Proposition or Statement is true. He says, How do you know? I reply, That is beside the question; I have no time to waste in searching for objective reasons; subjectively, you may rely upon it, it *is* true. Obviously, he has nothing more to say. Again, I go to Fichte, and I say to the argumentative man, Idealism or Dualism—which? He is silent. I go further: I ask him is there a Non-Ego? If there is, is it not merely postulated by the Ego? And, therefore, is it the result of activity or passivity? Beyond doubt, it is the former. Consequently, I demand to be released from the blasphemous position of the latter. I go further still; I refer the objector to Hegel, and I say, let us contemplate the Absolute. Now, the Absolute must be either one thing or the other. It cannot consist of contraries. We come, then, to the generation of all Abstract Ideas. We begin with pure Being; but a Being is unconditioned; therefore, it is a pure Abstraction. But an Abstraction is Nothing; therefore Being and Non-

Being are the same. I ask the typical man, Do you follow me? He replies, I certainly do not. My triumph is at once supreme. You, man, are not able to contemplate the Absolute; being Finity, you cannot comprehend Infinity. Now, *I* can. Therefore, being able to comprehend the Absolute, inasmuch as the greater comprehends the less, I *am* the Absolute, and something more; consequently, you must give place. Man retires in awe-struck silence.

The time is coming when, like the Prophetess of old, I may burn my books. Seer-like, I gaze forth upon the radiant future, piercing the mists of time and folly. Revolution broods about the murky air—at some vast Meeting, Woman takes the chair. Her gold-mouthed speeches shake a startled world: from the usurper's throne proud man is hurled, prone into depths no human eye can see; where Worms and Woes repay his infamy. Light shines from Heaven on the new-born Earth; superior Woman knows her priceless worth. Her's all the power—her's the sceptred sway; man learns at last his place is to obey. Our's no more to be the patient drudge, we laugh at husbands, and we whisper, Fudge. Our's no more the needle and the wool; we climb the Bench, and take the merchant's stool; prime ministering angels we shall be, and wear real mitres in each Bishop's See; no more we nurse, give pills or treacle-posset. Three cheers for Cobbe! Thrice three for Mrs. Fawcett!

Joyfully will I enroll myself in your great society, your noble league, high-thinking Anna Maria. Put me down for half-a-crown towards the funds immediately, I beg. Probably you will wish me to give Lectures. I am quite prepared to do so. As I am now perusing Mill's System of Logic for the seventeenth time, you must excuse me from writing at greater length at present. Farewell. Your appreciative

Elizabeth Gusher.

P.S.—Consult Professor Tyndall, or Mr. Darwin, as to the possibility of compelling men to have the babies instead of us. You can promise them that they individually may stand excused.

Our Prize Rhymes.

Prize Word—No. XXIII.—Whisper.

First—

I called to pretty Rizpah,—
Artless little lisper,—
And asked her for a kiss.—Per-
Fidious little slut!

She listened to my whisper,
Then, with deliv'ry crisp, her
Hand discharged a "wisper"
On my defenceless nut.

Nuper Idoneus.

Second—

'Tis the time when crisper
Grows the ground beneath the snow;
And the steed doth miss spur,
Horn, and hound, and tally ho!

When the cats for bliss purr
Round the fireside's cheerful glow;
And my little lisper,
With mysterious whisper,
Drags me for a kiss, per-
Force beneath the mistletoe. H. G.

Third—

Surely a first-rate cook is mine,
That there's no denying;
Content a "Boodle's" man might dine
On food of her supplying;

But if I think a dish not nice,
Or wish a bone done crisper,
Before I speak I must think twice,
And then speak in a whisper;

For Hannah has a temper quick,
And were I oft to "jaw,"
My grub, if not burnt to a stick,
Would frequently be raw.

"He's not a bad fellow, young Brown,"
Jones confided to me, in a whisper;
"But he's one trick that will not go down,
For he thinks it 'swell' to be a lisper."

Triple Harp.

So softly and low fell her whisper,
All around was so quiet and still,
As faintly that dear charming lisper
Sweetly answered, those two words, "I will."

Harry.

"'Twas whisper'd in heaven, 'twas mutter'd in hell!"
Begins the enigma that's known very well;
"The angels are whispering," so poets and some people say,
But, with *us*, Rumour's tongues are *busy* the year and a day;
At clubs and at routs there's more than a mutter or *whisper*,
That Alice, *that angel*, has told her love, in a *whisper*, to
Lawley, the *lisper*.

Cedric.

Their wedding morn has come and gone,
The summer day is ending;
Fair Luna's bow with sunset glow
Its silver beams is blending.

In his old house, and her new home,
Their dinner just completed,
She signs him to her side to come
To tell vows oft repeated.

With right arm placed around her waist,
Her lips he fondly presses;
About to speak, his sunburnt cheek
Her waving hair caresses:—

"Remember, darling, for my sake,"
He says, in gentlest whisper,
"To beg the cook, next time, to make
The chipped potatoes crisper."

Uncle Dros.

"Do buy me a new dreth, my lord,"
Exclaimed the pretty lisper:—
She only lisped to mark the word,
And couched it in a whisper.

"That will not spur me on," said he,
In accents sweeter—crisper;
"If that won't spur you on," cried she,
"I beg of you, let this spur."

And, fearful lest the chance should slip,
She won him with a kiss; per-
Forming, by a touch of lip,
What foiled beseeching whisper.

Susurrus.

"My longing heart for thee is weary;
Speak, O speak, these words of bliss! Per-
Chance some one within may hear thee,
Dear, then speak but in a whisper.

"Tell me, dearest, in a whisper,
Dost thou love me, maiden dear?
Tell me, as a child doth lisp her
Sorrows in a mother's ear."

Fanfan.

Fanny spoke with an exquisite lisp,
Will whispered his love to the lisper;
But she found him a "Will-o'-the-wisp,"
And not any truth in the whisper.

Bina.

I danced at Lady Jane's last ball
With her lovely daughter Kate;
That graceful figure, slight and tall,
Settled at one glance my fate.

Never had I seen one fairer,
Riper lips or brighter eye;
Golden locks, then somewhat rarer,
Feet that ever seemed to fly.

Never was a ringlet crisper,
Never had a cheek more bloom;
And, yielding to a tender whisper,
Impatiently I ask my doom.

Sweetest tones of fairy lisper,
So delicious to the ear;
"I am your's!" in gentle whisper,
"You to me are ever dear!"

Antinous.

I then took a hay-wisp; her
Flank I did rub down,
And to her gently whisper—
"You'll run on Epsom Down."

I heard a gentle whisper,
Which caused me great affright,—
"We must give him a clyster,
And we 'll give it him to-night."

Man About Country.

I said, in a whisper,
At the ear of my sister,
All that the minister
Had said to the quir-ister.

H. J. C.

Her every word was sweet to me,
The gentle fairy lisper!
But these I thought her sweetest words:
"Yes, dear"—though in a whisper.

Match-box.

The wife of my bosom, renowned as a lisper,
Who constantly substitutes th for s,
In what I may term a conjugal whisper
Said, "Dear*eth*, I'm *th*adly in want of a dre*th*."

I started as if I'd been stung by an adder:
I remembered I'd promised her silks long ago;
But by recent enactments made wiser and sadder,
I now send my surplus to Chancellor Lowe,

For Taxes.

By a girl I was told,
But not above a whisper,
That always, when it's cold,
My hair it was much crisper.

Allen.

I saw her blush, I heard him whisper,
I watched them sitting on the stair;
Their heads were close. Was that a kiss? Per-
Haps his button caught her hair.

Egg.

I saw a grave, but newly made,
And by it stood a lovely child;
But on her face the early shade
Of sorrow made it worn and wild.

She heeded not that I was near,
And many bitter tears she shed;
For one to her was very dear,
And now that one was dead.

She heeded not the howling wind,
Nor did she feel the drifting snow;
She thought but of the fate unkind
That laid her true love's head so low.

She thought of happy days gone by,
The days that would return no more;
And then she heaved one long, long sigh,
For days she 'd fain restore.

Hush! let her lisp her
Prayers for the dead;
Let not a whisper
Lift up her head.

Ravenscliffe.

Prize Word—No. XXIV.—Halo.

Competition papers received from March Hare; A.; Stromboli; Vision; X. X.; Meteor; Lizzie; Susurrus? J. P.; The Boy; Nimrod; Puss; L. R. R.; A.; Johannes; Marian L.; Wild Briar; Nosender; Horse Marine; Maharajah; Vex; Peter. Incomplete: W. W.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

Fun of the Day.

(From *Punch*.)

Not an Unreasonable Prejudice.—Who can wonder at criminals disliking to have their photographs taken, when the cartes of so many most respectable persons are said not to do them justice?

Help for the Dogma.—The Pope forbade a mass for the repose of Montalembert. Then his Holiness repented, and helped at one himself. After this, who can dispute Infallibility?

The Natural Result.—Lawyers are sometimes accused of being wanting in feeling, but is there anything surprising in men of their profession becoming case-hardened?

Consistently Strict.—A Quaker, rigidly adhering to the rules of his sect, invariably calls a Yew tree, a "*Thou* tree."

Motto for Cheap Tea-Dealers.—"Down with your dust."

(From the *Tomahawk*.)

A Pillar of Salt.—Sir Titus Salt is, *on dit*, to have a monument erected to him. The statement should be taken *cum grano salis*.

A Grave Question.—The burial controversy.

(From *Fun*.)

A Pinchbeck Motto.—Mosaic hath charms.

A Queer Look-out.—To enable railway servants to guard against collisions, provide them with *collide*-oscopes.

With a Difference.—The cry of Sterne's starling was, "I can't get out:" now, on all sides, it's "I can't get *tin*."

A Coup de Ta.—Baby's first speech.

When does a tailor serve his customers ill?—When he "gives them fits."

Shoemakers drive hard bargains—they always want money "to boot."

(From *Punch and Judy*.)

Waiting for Dinner.—Adolphus (the page): "Please, 'm, cook 's got intosticated again; and she 've hemptied the capers into the lobster sauce, and she 've poured the soup down the sink, and she 's a settin' on the salmon, mum!" [Panic, fire-engines, and warning!]

Worth Remembering Just Now.—Honest *tea* is the best policy!

Motto for "Our Sailor Prince."—"Le Tar, c'est moi!"

The history of *Royalty* repeats itself. *Oliver's* reign was short, but prosperous.

New play (by the author of *Little Em'ly*)—*Big Amy!*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Bibliomaniac.—It is called *Macaronic*. Whereof an example:—

In questa casa troverete
Tout ce que l'ou peut souhaiter;—
Vinum, panem, piscis, carnis,
Coach and horses, chaise and harness.

M. Wood.—A case of quittor. Consult a V. S.

Barmecide.—The expression has lost its force. Feeding on the fat of the land may now only signify eating Thames mud butter!

Viola.—Dreams are said to go by contraries; therefore, we hardly know what to make of your Derby vision. What *is* the contrary of Ely Appleton? Joey Pearton comes nearest; but we don't believe there *is* such a horse.

THE THEATRES—This Evening.

Drury Lane.—A Regular Fix—Ici on Parle Francais—Peep-o'-Day—Hamlet—Willow Copse. Seven.

Haymarket.—An Alarming Sacrifice—At Twenty Minutes to Eight: Our American Cousin—Shocking Events. Seven.

Princess's.—Your Life's in Danger—Paul Lafarge—A Dark Night's Work. Seven.

Adelphi.—My Precious Betsy—The Prompter's Box—Whitebait at Greenwich. Seven.

Lyceum.—Le Compositeur Toque—At a Quarter to Nine: Chilpéric. Seven.

Olympic.—Little Em'ly—At half-past Nine: The Princess. Seven.

Strand.—Widow's Weeds—Sir George and a Dragon. Half-past Seven.

St. James's.—She Stoops to Conquer—At a Quarter past Nine: La Belle Sauvage—An Unhappy Pair. Seven.

Gaiety.—The Happy Village—At a Quarter to Eight: The First Night—At Nine: Uncle Dick's Darling. Seven.

Prince of Wales's.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: School—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.

New Queen's.—Quick March—At a Quarter past Eight: 'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.

Royalty.—Love's Doctor—At Nine: Black Eyed Susan—Rely on my Discretion. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870.

ALTHOUGH we cannot shake off the attentions of winter, which pursues our reluctant selves like the hoary old sinner he is, the indications of our having entered a new quarter are spring-like enough. Independently of the chances we have all enjoyed of gazing at the nipped and pinched charms of more than one melancholy procession to St. James's Palace, and the attentions of the tax-gatherer, whom, with death and rheumatism, none can escape, there have been signs impossible to mistake. Great restlessness among landlords formed one premonitory symptom; rapidly followed by great and general activity among tradesmen, involving the use, on the one part, of much ruled paper surmounted by the Royal Arms; and the discovery, on the other, that the "demnition total" is just twice as large as the recipient of that work of art expected. The Row has ceased to be a resort of owls and pelicans, at least in feathers; rust has worn off knockers; brown holland is unknown; the purification of white ties has become a gigantic item in the laundress's account; the melancholy trees in Berkeley Square have sent out a bud or two, like doves from the ark; and the Epsom Spring Meeting is past. Should all this overwhelming testimony be deemed inconclusive, we invite the reader, with all respect, to "Go to Putney!"

The aspect of the towing-path during the past week has not, I must confess, afforded quite so strong a proof as usual of the imminence of the great aquatic contest which shall, on Wednesday next, convert its banks into a battle-field, on which no one without a policy in his pocket should venture. The biting air deterred a number of the usual spectators from watching the practice as laid down by the members of the Oxford and Cambridge circuit. Now, however, that the antagonistic claims of the Downs have ceased to exist, the amateur touts will be largely increased: and the talk of lift and swing, catch and recovery, will resume its customary Lady-day importance. Learnedly and lovingly will the youthful partisans of either University discourse of the progress and improvement of "their" crew: the bright and venerated names of Darbishire—that Peak of oarsmen—and Goldie, who has at least the true ring about him, being taken not in vain over ten thousand beakers, drained to the healths of those great generals and their troops. Already has the judicious hosier, always on the look-out for a colourable pretext, draped his shop front with the sweetest things in Indigo and Cobalt, between which becoming shades of the purest of colours the whole world (worth knowing) will next Wednesday have to decide. The infection has caught, as usual, all alike, from Jones's sister, who is selecting the chastest film of a bonnet, to the burly publican at Hammersmith, who has ordered countless extra gallons on draught for the refreshment of those who shall, much athirst, pass his way during the great day. The surpassing merits of this Bluest of Aquatic Blue Ribands, has been so often said and sung, that it would be idle to attempt to add to the Lobgesang by a note. Enough to say, that on Wednesday next, as on so many anniversaries before it, the famous four miles from Putney to Mortlake will be alive with the best and the worst, the fairest and the foulest, the lightest and the darkest (blue) of humanity. From crowded steamer and swaying bridge, from dangerous foot and still more dangerous horse-path, from lawn and meadow, from trim villa and from low public, the eye of upper and lower ten will be upon the happy sixteen which, on this occasion only, may vie with its one-year-older sister, in sweetness and light. Let but the adepts in the more humane letters (where come £ *s. d.*, I wonder?) realise the overwhelming fact that the eye of every Man and Woman About Town is upon them, and the result of their unparalleled efforts shall produce a race whereof the world shall not have seen the like since the days of Noë.

As to the probable result of the coming struggle, it is not so easy to dogmatise as it seemed even a short week since. Before the return of Mr. Darbishire to the nest he has so gallantly feathered, the prospects of the sons of the Isis looked more gloomy than they have been for years past, and there seemed to be a reasonable expectation that Cambridge, whose splendid failures have so richly earned success, would at last break the spell which has so long prevented her coxswain steering to victory. With the unexpected accession of strength represented by that admirable stroke, —the *coup-de-maître* of oarsmen,—the dark blue hopes grew brighter; and it seemed more than probable that the invincible commander would once more lead his levies to victory. This impression was so much strengthened by the result of last Saturday's practice, that the now customary 7 to 4 on Oxford was once more the prevailing quotation; and the best judges on the Thames pronounced it all over but firing. Since that inauspicious day, however, with a rapidity unknown, except among 'Varsity crews, Cambridge has improved so greatly, while Oxford has so visibly deteriorated, that once more have the prepossessions of the talent veered round. But one result could satisfy the world: that *both* might win. Since this desirable consummation, however, is scarcely possible, the balance of good hopes and wishes is, I think, fairly due to Cambridge, whose victory, though I wear other colours, I shall trust to be up early enough to see.

LONDON LYRICS.

No. 18.

We wept at parting! Did we so?
I fear I soon forget:
And if we did, soon ceased the flow
Of tears our cheeks to wet;
We sobbed and sighed, and wished we'd died
Ere parents came between—
I think that I was twenty-one,
And you were seventeen.

How happy was our country life—
The walks we used to take;
Sweet-bitter was our lovers' strife
While sailing on the lake.
'Neath Cupid's wings all sorts of things
Impossible we vowed;—
And yet I scarcely knew your face
When meeting in the crowd.

We plucked the violets from the hedge
Where we were wont to hide;
And blue forget-me-nots from the sedge
Upon the river's side;
Nor time nor change could us estrange,
We vowed, whate'er our lot!
Have you those violets? No—nor I
One last forget-me-not.

You gave me, too, a lock of hair?
I don't remember *that;*
Bound with blue ribbon? Where, oh! where
Is now that precious plait?
But did you fling away the ring—
The opal ring, you know,
I circled round this finger once—
You don't remember? Oh!

Yes, those were happy days of life,
Sweet dreams of days to come;—
Now you're engaged. Well, I've a wife
And three small boys at home.
So we'll not break for either's sake
The hearts that were so green,
When I was only twenty-one,
And you were seventeen.

AN INDIAN GRIEVANCE.

THE NAWAB NAZIM of Bengal complains of wrongs done and of wrongs threatened. His grievance, therefore, divides itself naturally into two heads—past and prospective injustice. To ensure a just appreciation of the former, which we propose to consider first, it will be necessary to commence with a brief narrative of facts, and to show, step by step, the position occupied by the ancestors of his Highness towards the British Government.

The present Nawab is ninth in descent from the famous Meer Jaffier Ali Khan, with whom the East India Company entered into the well-known treaty of 1757, by virtue of which their foes were declared common enemies; and in fulfilment of which, our ally subsequently afforded us that efficient aid by which the battle of Plassey was won, Calcutta given to us, and our rule in Hindustan firmly established. By a subsequent treaty, entered into by the same contracting parties, certain privileges, notably that of carrying on their trade with Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, were secured to the Company; the collection of the revenues, and the civil and military administration of the three provinces being reserved to the Nawab. In connection with this treaty, certain demands, referring chiefly to the due and perpetual maintenance of the treaty, and the furnishing of gratuitous military assistance by the English, were made on behalf of the Nawab, and agreed to by the Company. The concession as to *gratuitous* aid was, on reconsideration, withdrawn by the Company; certain specific arrangements on that head being subsequently entered into by the contracting parties.

On the death of Meer Jaffier in 1765, a treaty

was entered into by the Company with his eldest surviving son Nudjum-ul-Dowlah, who then ascended the musnud; the provisions of the former contract with his father being ratified and confirmed. Up to this time the Dewanny, or government of the country, had remained in the hands of the Nawabs; but in 1765 an important change in this respect took place. In August of that year Shah Aalum, King of Delhi, granted the Dewanny of those provinces to the Company as a "free gift for ever," on certain conditions, one of which was the payment of a sum of sicca rupees 53,86,131 9 0 (about 570,000*l.*) per annum for the support of the Nizamut, *i.e.*, the family of the Nizams. Nudjum-ul-Dowlah died in May, 1766, and, up to the date of his death, the amount secured to him by agreement—and the due payment of which "so long as the English factories continued in Bengal," was one of the conditions of the King of Delhi's gift—was punctually paid. So far, it would seem, nothing could be clearer than the position of the Nawabs relative to the British Government. The East India Company, representing the latter, had obtained an immense concession at a price. The revenues of certain provinces were secured to them on payment of an adequate annual stipend to the royal family. The amount was arranged and agreed upon by formal treaty, and was at first punctually paid. The character of the arrangement, the wording of the treaty, and the whole facts of the case, so conclusively testify as to the HEREDITARY, and not the *personal* nature of the agreement, that it is scarcely credible that an excuse for its non-fulfilment would be offered on *that* ground. It was reserved for Lord Halifax to initiate this ingenious defence for the enormities subsequently perpetrated. But we must not anticipate. Syef-ul-Dowlah, a younger son of Meer Jaffier, succeeded his brother, Nudjum-ul-Dowlah; and on his accession the now usual treaty, confirming and ratifying its predecessors, was entered into between him and the Company, augmented, however, by two new clauses of grave import to the Nawab and his successors. As the treaty is silent as to motives, and deals with bare facts only, it is difficult now to attempt any explanation of the means by which the unfortunate Syef-ul-Dowlah was induced to give up, by a stroke of the pen, 160,000*l.* per annum of the stipend secured to his brother, and virtually to his successors, by the treaty of 1765. But the previous and subsequent policy of our Indian rulers throws a light on the subject, by which the transaction may be read in its true colours. It has always been unutterable anguish to the Indian Government to pay ten annas when eight could, by any possible expedient, be made to suffice; and when the creditor was a native, it is not difficult to see that rejection of the smaller tender would be made a pretext for withdrawal of the whole. No one with any acquaintance with the earlier history of India, but will appreciate the rapid diminution in the amount of the income solemnly set aside for the support of the Nizamut; or fail to arrive at the conclusion that the *ultima ratio* "that or none," was put to the Nawab, who, considering that a half portion of rice was better than no curry, accepted the half of the income to which he was legally entitled by another of those agreements "to be inviolably observed" during the continuance of our factories in Bengal.

In 1770 Syef-ul-Dowlah died, and was succeeded by his brother, the youngest surviving son of Meer Jaffier, Mobaruk-ul-Dowlah, who was at the time a minor. It may be conceived that the Company was not slow to avail itself of such a splendid opportunity for spoliation. Flushed by the success which attended its unrighteous plucking of his brother, Coumpani Sahib was "down" on the minor like an adjutant on a choice bit of offal. If Syef was scourged with whips, Mobaruk underwent the discipline of scorpions. After the usual recitals, (which do not, however, it may be remarked, include the *conditions* under which the free gift of the King of Delhi was made), a new treaty, dated March, 1770, provided for a further reduction in the pension of the Nawab to the extent of 120,000*l.*, the hapless minor saying, or being made to say, that his confidence in his spoilers was so entire, that nothing would be proposed or carried into execution "derogating from my honour or interest!" As it probably occurred to the contracting parties on one side that a limit must be set even to the exactions of the Company, and that hardly any further reduction was possible, the peroration of this treaty was framed with a final and conclusive solemnity—"This Agreement (by the blessing of God) shall be inviolably observed for ever." If any question as to the hereditary and perennial character of the previous treaties could arise, it would seem finally set at rest by these deliberate words. Whatever may be thought of the injustice it authorised, it is plain that its framers meant that wrong as a "crowning mercy." Mobaruk-ul-Dowlah had suffered as severe a bleeding as the skilful practitioners in the Company's service considered even a native prince could bear: they intended to permit him henceforth to keep the remnant of his fortune; and, as the sequel shows, took some credit to themselves for the amount of blood they had succeeded in extracting from the patient. Mr. Cartier, however, the then Governor, and his Council, were no match for the grasping policy of the Directors at home, and, something to their surprise, no doubt, were roundly taken to task for not having more effectively robbed the unfortunate minor. Admitting that "both justice and policy" approved of the preservation of the succession of Meer Jaffier, the Court rebuked the subordinate members of the band for not securing "those advantages to the Company," which the circumstance of Mobaruk's state of nonage "afforded to their view;" and directed that a further reduction of 160,000*l.* should be made from the residue of the income still left to the Nawab. This monstrous wrong was not allowed to pass without protest. His guardian and stepmother, the Munnee Begum, widow of Meer Jaffier, a lady for whom the Company professed to entertain the highest consideration, repeatedly and urgently protested against the injustice done to the young Nawab. It is needless to say that her remonstrances were unavailing. After a time they ceased altogether—sooner, perhaps, than might have been expected. Warren Hastings had been on a visit to the Court at Mooshedabad, and had, doubtless, been wearied by the poor lady's importunity. So he took upon himself to promise that when the young Nawab came of age his income would be restored to him intact.

The assurance cost him nothing—nor was its fulfilment burthensome to this Company. It would be superfluous to say that from that day to the day of his death, Mobaruk-ul-Dowlah was shorn of the 160,000*l.* considerately taken from him when a minor. He lived for nearly twenty years after the event; but the Company persisted in considering him, so far as the restoration of his income was concerned, to be still "in a great degree of nonage."

The Grumbler.

WHAT, in the name of civilisation, were the authorities about when they sanctioned the execution, last Monday morning, of William Mobbs, aged 20, and who was hung at Aylesbury prison, for the murder of James Newbury, a lad of 12 years of age? Up to the time of his condemnation, William Mobbs is described as being careless and indifferent; but, according to the report of the chaplain, who subsequently attended him, he was most attentive and thoughtful, and appeared very deeply to feel the comforting ministrations offered to him. Why, just read the poor silly idiot's simple confession. He says: "He had no animosity whatever against the poor child he cruelly murdered. When I saw the boy Newbury coming towards me I felt all of a shake, and as if could not help murdering him. I had dreamt of murders ever since I had seen the picture of the man Baker murdering the girl in the hop-gardens. It was a hot day, and we sat down together on the Free-board. Newbury laid down, and about ten minutes after it was done. He halloed out 'Oh!' only once. I don't know if he was dead directly; I left him at once. I felt as if I did not know where I was, or what I was doing. I went away bird-keeping. I had no grudge against the boy, and I never had a quarrel or struggle with him. When we were on the ground I asked him, 'What they would say if anybody was to murder him?' and he said 'they would hang him.' I replied: 'What, for murdering varmint?' He said, 'Yes.' Upon this I immediately attacked Newbury. I had a book about Cain and Abel in my dinner-basket; the book was given me by my grandfather just before he died. It belonged to my uncle, Thomas Joyce—my mother's brother." Now, then, is there no Sir Jenkinson in the House to ask the Home Secretary, when he sees him in his place, "Why the capital sentence against William Mobbs was *not* commuted?" William Mobbs, if not an absolute maniac, was surely a poor, silly, brutish idiot; are all such worthy of death on a scaffold? Where is the national schoolmaster? Does not every hour cry alond for, and every assize give proof of the urgent call and necessity for, an Educational Bill? Fifty years hence, when the punishment of death will have long been abolished (at least, let us pray heaven and progress it will be), imagine what civilisation would say when asked what it called the execution of William Mobbs, aged 20; or imagine the feelings of a Home Secretary when asked if the morning's work at Aylesbury prison, on March the 28th, A.D. 1870, was sanctioned by a Liberal Government. When such things occur, a nation, instead of vaunting its progress and advancement, should rather put on sackcloth and scourge itself. Is there one rightly-poised mind that can believe the bloody work of Mr. Calcraft will deter some other William Mobbs, aged 20, from slaying a boy, who, to use his own words, "felt he could not help murdering?" Bah! neither fear of rope or gibbet will give one scintillation of right to such brutish and ignorant creatures as William Mobbs.

Weather? Don't talk to me of weather. Why, for heaven knows how long since we positively have had no weather at all—no, nor anything like weather. But, surely, weather has been described by Johnson, and other distinguished lexicographers, as signifying a state of the atmosphere? Has it? Well, very likely it has;—then all I can say is, that the state of the atmosphere, latterly, has been most disgraceful—yes, positively so disgusting that the less one thinks about it even, the better. What would I call it? Why, a too-long prevailing north-easterly "suspiration of forc'd breath," as Hamlet, doubtless, would have politely mentioned it to his mother; or, in other words, an influenzical, bronchitical, lung-affecting time—begetting nothing but what Milton calls "fierce catarrhs, and rude and horrid rheums." You may well say, what a climate! Only, unfortunately, in the present instance, it appears that climate has just nothing whatever to do with it. Why, 'tis the same all over Europe—nay, for aught I know, the same all over the whole globe. The fact is, old Sol is evidently out of sorts, and I am afraid the pimply state of his face, which he is evidently ashamed of showing, betrays late and irregular habits—suppers on Cancer or Crab, at Taurus, in company with Virgo, the fast one of the Zodiac;—or perhaps, after all, it is merely a slight spring scorbutic affection, demanding a brimstone and treacle treatment. If so, by all means let him have a dose of sulphurean fumes from Etna or Vesuvius' boiling-pots; or, if they won't do, why don't he apply to fair Luna's idle crater? At any rate, if he is suffering—and he must be, after what F. Howlett, F.R.A.S., writes to the *Times*, telling us that the last new spot, speck, or pimple on the sun's visage is about 43,000 miles long, and will remain for at least eight days or a week. What a gum-boil! 'Tis really enough to make the old gentleman churlish and cross; but, remembering he was made to rule by day, he surely ought not to get sulky and withdraw his beneficent rays from his devoted and loyal planets. Let him take a lesson from sublunary terrestrial sovereigns, and learn that, whatever his own aches, pains, or grievances may be, let him but cast the light of his countenance occasionally among them, and now and then show his face, he will, by his own presence alone, cheer the hearts of his subjects, and make gay and happy a loyal planet.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Bloom all the year round? for 'tis there I would go,
And leave this vile climate, where, save beef and turtle,
There's nought to compensate for north winds and snow.
Here the fogs are so thick, and the streets badly lighted,
That, stray where you will, e'en at noon you're benighted;
And, really, one must own to live here's no fun,
Where one neither gets gas-light, nor one ray of sun.
I know not of what in this clime we should boast,
But 'tis sun-rays at present are wanted the most;
Our Ministry, too, and the House—all seem slow,
They've no longer Bright, and the latter's got Lowe;
Then let us all pray that the sun may return,
And his rays on the *Man About Town* gently burn.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THOUGH I do not lay claim to being entrusted with a mission for exposing *ce vilain singe dit* "Augur," whenever his mendacity and impudence become more brazen-faced than usual, I think it well to give the public a means of measuring his corn by a bushel other than his own. As might have been expected, in two races where the horses who were favourites on the last day previous to the race that he had the opportunity of displaying his literary elegance and prophetic talent, won, he foretold the winner by coupling him with the next two favourites. On Saturday morning he will, of course, go through his usual performance of congratulating himself on his selection, and his readers on their having such an excellent adviser. It is well, however, that it should be known that in an elaborate article last month he gave fifteen horses for the City and Suburban—of which Sabinus was not one, I need hardly say; and out of this lot two alone—Border Knight and Miss Dayrell—ran, and the latter was the only one who afforded any pretence for hedging. For the Metropolitan he gave no less than nine, of which one only—Clémence—ran, and was never backed for a penny-piece. Such is the value of his tips: an indiscriminate selection of a dozen or so of the horses entered, and a few days before the race, or on the day itself, going for the first favourite. I do not find fault with him, remember, for failing to spot the winner of every great race, but for his impudent way of setting himself up for being well nigh infallible, and for misleading the public by false and garbled quotations, to believe that he has given them profitable advice. I will merely point out, in addition, that when he does happen to stumble upon a winner, he is certain to have given ten or a dozen others as well, so that heaven help his unfortunate followers—if he has any. His only double-event tip this year has been The Lamb for the Liverpool and Chérie for the Chester Cup; each was first favourite at the time for its respective race.

From Augur to Epsom seems (but is not in reality) a very long jump. The authorities there have some affinity. Such miserable weather we have not had for years on the celebration day of the City and Suburban. The wind was cruel keen, and cut through one like a knife. Still one was recompensed for it by the quantity, if not the quality, of the sport. Large fields contested the first four events. For the Trial Stakes, there was an entry of eleven; but the quality was sadly inferior to last year, when Blue Gown, Formosa, and Vespasian entered the lists. On this occasion, Paté was equal to the task of defeating Walter, Perambulator, Grimston, &c. Paté seems to have trained on from two to three, and to be likely to prove an exception to the majority of early matured two-year-olds. In the second race, the unlucky Seamstress filly was made a great favourite, but was unable to get nearer than third (she has run fourteen times, generally in the first three, but never first); The Boy and Stockdale finishing in the order named, after a capital struggle. In the Stamford Plate, Cast-off was made a tremendous favourite, and won easily from Allbrook, who finished only a head in front of Mount Pleasant. Among the runners was our old friend Belladrum, who seems to have lost his fine speed, and finished in the rear, though he was backed somewhat freely. It is fair to say that he was carrying the crusher of 9st 6lb. The race for the City and Suburban was a very interesting one, as there were so many candidates who had been backed in earnest by their friends, and who were counted upon as "morals." The result of the race showed that private trials, for once, did not lie; for the winner and Claudius had no earthly chance upon their public form, but were tried to be almost Derby horses. Indeed, had not Sabinus' nomination been void, by the death of Mr. Stephenson, there is little doubt he would now be first favourite. I will not go into tedious details of the race, but I may remark that The Ægean and Consternation ran much better than one could have expected, and will pay for watching throughout the year—rips as they have hitherto proved themselves to be. Sabinus won so easily, that it is not possible to say how much better he is than Claudius; but the latter, forward though he ran, can have no chance for the Derby. Miss Dayrell's want of staying powers told, but her speed and gameness are still of the first water, and I shall be astonished if she does not win some good races. Douglas ran well, and looks like staying, in which case he will be formidable at Northampton; of which, however, more anon. Rosicrucian did not show to any advantage, nor did Border Knight or Vagabond; while Gertrude and Myosotis were absolutely out of the race as soon as the flag fell. Sabinus' victory in the City and Suburban made it evident that his carrying off the Metropolitan, and rivalling the hitherto *unique* performance of Virago in 1854, was merely a question of his coming to the post, and being able to stay. That he could do the latter I was well aware in February, and for that reason gave him a place in my affections for the long race, and not for the shorter one, as I had been informed, in what I thought credible quarters, that staying and not speed was his *forte*. However, it appears that he is good at both, and if he only keeps well, he will play the very deuce with the field for the Newmarket Handicap and Chester Cup, where, including penalties, his weight is only 6st 13lb and 6st. 5lb. Betting upon them is quite paralysed, and will be so as long as he keeps well. In the Metropolitan his victory was an even easier one than on Tuesday, as he literally cantered in a winner by four lengths, a distance which might have been indefinitely increased. Jarnac was only second on sufferance, as the Briton could have been easily before him, and I even question whether he could have beaten Threatener and Falkland had they been ridden out, especially the latter, who made the running at a great pace, and for two miles seemed as good as anything. He may yet do his much-abused sire yeoman service. Chérie's chance for the Chester Cup seems extinguished, if she was thoroughly wound up on Wednesday, as Sabinus gave her far more than an 11lb beating, which is the difference in weight at which the pair will meet over the Border. Looking at the present state of the market for that event, I can see no reason for departing from the advice I gave on the 5th of February—that Starter and Captivator should be backed, as it is impossible to advise my readers to accept 5 to 2 at this date about the favourite, and if anything goes wrong with him, Captivator will be an efficient substitute, while Starter will also see his old price again before the day. Returning to the Epsom programme, I may remark that Rosicrucian showed himself a great horse over a mile with 9st on his back, as he won easily from a fair field of horses, including Géant des Batailles, Thor, Brennus, and Taraban. His speed is undeniable, but that he is no stayer, a child can see. His victory is an indirect confirmation of the worth of Sabinus, as the latter's trial horse, Formosa, was within a neck of Rosicrucian at Newmarket last autumn, when running him at even weights, and she cannot give the three-year-old 21lb. Tibthorpe, of Hayling Island and Goodwood notoriety, landed a good thing for the backers in the opening race, and found a new owner in Prince Soltikoff, who has got him a bargain, for 100*l.*, as his speed is unimpaired and the only impediment to his winning lots of races is his temper.

In the Heathcote Plate, Patrician, whom I fondly hoped was the "best thing of the meeting," failed, by a neck, to put the barbarian gold into my pockets, and allowed himself to be beaten that distance by so common an animal as Allbrook. So I part from Epsom until the glorious 1st June draws nigh, when I hope that Sunshine, both from above and beneath, will favour us with her smiles. I may mention that the meeting at Bromley was to all appearances got up by the enemies of the suburban races, in order that, following immediately on Epsom, which had been so successful, people might see the difference between a legitimate fixture, such as the former, and an affair got up for the benefit of publicans, welshers, thieves, and other roughs. Let us hope that these plague-spots will soon be made to disappear.

Turning to the future, there is Northampton on Tuesday and Wednesday, as this meeting follows instead of preceding, as last year, Epsom. There is also a steeplechase gathering at Cheltenham on Thursday and Friday, and several minor affairs in various parts of the country. At Northampton, on Tuesday, it is idle to look for a large field for the Stakes, as several of the horses engaged were run through at Epsom. Of the five which I selected as best in on the 5th February, Midsummer, 8st 3lb, and Douglas, 6st, are decidedly the best in, the other three are Cock-o'-the-Walk, 8st 8lb, Birdseeker, 8st 1lb, and Syrian, 6st 9lb. The latter of these can have little chance after his running in the City and Suburban. Birdseeker may be reserved for the Chester Cup, but Cock-o'-the-Walk would run very forward if Mr. Brayley has got him ready. Free Trade, if we can rely upon indirect running, should be beaten by the Briton, as Count Batthyany's horse could have been in front of Jarnac in the Metropolitan, when giving him 11lb, and in the Liverpool Spring Cup there were only two necks between Free Trade and Jarnac, when the latter was getting but 3lb. Still, Wadlow's horse may have improved further, since he beat Silenus and the French bred colt, so that, were The Briton and he matched at the Northamptonshire weights, I should feel inclined to offer to take odds, so near a thing is it between them. But plainly Briton, on Wednesday, could have been in front of Jarnac when giving him 11lb. Free Trade gave Jarnac 3lb and beat him two lengths, while the Briton has to give Free Trade 7lb. Free Trade gave, we will say, a 7lb beating (including the 3lb ex) to Jarnac at Liverpool. The Briton gives Jarnac equivalent to 14lb in the Metropolitan, *ergo*, he is 7lb better than Free Trade. But he has to give 7lb to Free Trade, therefore they must run a dead heat. However, the difference in condition of the Liverpool pair, between then and now, will probably upset this calculation. Falkland, 6st 7lb, will be among the runners, but must also succumb, according to his Wednesday's running with Jarnac, to Free Trade. I can see nothing among the remainder to mark dangerous, unless it be Chawbacon, and of those which I have spoken of above. I prefer the chances of MIDSUMMER, as I hear he is well and fit; but as the Baron's colours are not often seen at Northampton, he may be an absentee. In this case, DOUGLAS will recompense Charley Rayner for his defeat at Epsom. In any event Free Trade seems a good place investment. The County Cup should go to Mr. Watt's Mysotis, and the Stand Plate to Veda. The acceptances for the Delapre Free Handicap are not to hand, but Tibthorpe, Lady Lavender, Gladness, and the Theodora colt, have nothing to complain of as to weight. The Sully Handicap may go to Tibthorpe, Pate or Filou.

On Wednesday, the Spencer Plate and the St. Liz Handicap are the *pieces de resistance*. The former has secured forty-two acceptances out of sixty-three entries, the best of those remaining in being Bosworth, 7st 6lb, Paté, 7st 6lb, Orphan, 6st 10lb, Calypso, 6st, and Catamaran, 5st 7lb. None of these are so well in as last year's winner (Bosworth), who, with only 7st 6lb, should again be triumphant. Orphan, 6st 10lb, may get a place, but I hear her starting is, at present, in the air. For the Althorpe Park Stakes, which has been turned into a handicap for three-year-olds, Lady of Lyons, 8st 10lb, Free Trade, 8st 10lb, and Simplon, 7st 12lb, are the best in, and I prefer Mr. Merry's filly to the last-named. The Wakefield Lawn Stakes is a handicap, which the previous running must throw some light on, and I will only say that it may give Lord of the Valley or Electricity a chance of distinguishing themselves. The St. Liz Handicap I must decline to discuss in detail, as I have already backed MISS DAYRELL, and spent the money which my investment will produce when her number goes up.

Cheltenham Steeplechases are certain to be pretty good, as it is almost the last opportunity of "doing any good" across country this season: in fact, the hay and corn of steeplechase owners. The Prince of Wales' Steeplechase (three miles) has eighteen left in, of whom The Doctor, 12st 7lb, and Pearl Diver, 12st 5lb, are the most illustrious. The former of these will win, if he can beat whatever Mr. Brayley sends to oppose him. The Borough Plate looks like being carried off by Miss Dodson, 11st, and the Hurdle Race by Mr. Green's representative, Colours, 11st 10lb,

and Cockboat, 11st 5lb, as Archduke is hardly, I fear, yet sufficiently educated, though he will make a fair horse over hurdles, and *à travers champs*. The Grand Steeplechase, with nearly all the same horses engaged as in the Prince of Wales', must be left over, to see what danger there is of Hippolyte finding his master from among the combatants of Thursday. The United Hunters' Stakes seems meant for Brackley or Yemak, and the Hewlett's Plate may go to Captain Crosstree.

Forecast.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

March 29th.

In blissful ignorance I sing
Of what may be in store
For those who, in the lap of Spring,
Their pockets' treasure pour.
Of course, I hope to break the Ring—
But *that* I've hoped before,—
Yet never seen the "real good thing"
Nearer than Number Four;
Still, here I'll have another fling,
And try my luck once more.

1.

When, strutting on the tragic stage,
You tweak your foeman by the nose,
And him to mortal fight engage,
You thus address him, I suppose.

2.

Be not, I pray, in any sense *extreme*,
Float gently down, nor fight against the stream.

3.

See how the selfish youth, with greedy eyes,
Watches the bear ascend and claim his prize.

4.

Here is the difficulty grand,
Of journeying in a foreign land,
Without the language at command.

5.

I boldly ascended from rock to rock:
The name is engraved on my Alpenstock,
But the Alpine Club at my exploit mock.

6.

First read his work on married life,
Then, undaunted, choose your wife.

7.

No chance in his native land, but to die—
Worse fed than the pig, worse lodged than the hound;
To this distant shore he resolved to fly,
And he joined the ranks of the outward bound.

8.

Most of my friends this taste seems born in,
They heed no words of kindly warning,
But take it always in the morning.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.

P	ertur	B*
R	egistra	R
I	n	O
M	agi	C
R	ee	K
O	mnipoten	T
S	amb	O
E	de	N

Correct Solutions received from Gruffy; Marksman; P. P.; The Robber; Quaker.

* Justum et tenacem propositi vitum.
* * * * * * *
Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

In the Arena.

THROUGH a delay in the post, a few lines that had been written for us about the boat race and athletics at Oxford, for our last number, did not arrive until we had gone to press. We regret this the more, as in the last of "In the Arena," an error occurred in alluding to the Swimming Club's Steeplechase. We stated that the first three competitors were members of the South Essex Athletic Club, whereas only the second and third enjoyed that distinction. We have, therefore, to express our regret for the annoyance such a statement has apparently caused that club, whose secretary has written to us on the subject, demanding a correction, which we most cheerfully now give.

According to our promise, we append herewith the names and weights of the Oxford and Cambridge crews for the ensuing eight-oared race. We had, up to the arrival of the men at Putney, expressed our belief that Cambridge at last would turn the tide of defeat, and Oxford would have this year to score only a *proximè accessit*; but since then our ideas have considerably changed, and we look forward to seeing our favourite dark-blue flag once more slung up in token of victory. A great deal has been said and written about Mr. Darbishire again stroking the Oxford boat; we do not see the justice or sense of the grumblers, who certainly are not Cambridge men, about such a proceeding, as Mr. Darbishire is still a member of Oxford University, and has not yet taken his degree; whereas in the Cambridge boat this year there are two men rowing who are B.A.'s. The practice of the Cambridge crew has been all that their partisans can desire, and they have a host of ardent supporters; but our last word with respect to this race is most decidedly in favour of the

OXFORD CREW

adding one more victory to their long list. The following are the members of the crews:—

Oxford.	st	lb	Cambridge.	st	lb
1. R. W. B. Mirehouse	11	1	1. E. S. L. Randolph	10	13
2. A. G. P. Lewis ...	11	6	2. J. H. Ridley	11	10
3. T. S. Baker	12	11	3. J. W. Dale	12	6
4. J. E. Edwards Moss	12	13	4. E. A. A. Spencer...	12	0
5. F. E. H. Payne ...	12	9	5. W. H. Lowe	12	8
6. S.H Woodhouse...	11	5	6. E. Phelps.....	12	2
7. W. D. Benson.....	11	12	7. J. F. Strachan.....	11	13
S. D. Darbishire (st.)	11	9	J. H. D. Goldie (st)	12	2
F. H. Hall (cox)...	7	8	H. E. Gordon (cox.)	7	12

The ensuing week will be big with athletic events; as the two principal meetings of the year take place on Thursday and Saturday respectively, and this afternoon the Challenge Cups of the London Athletic Club are competed for. The probable starters it would be impossible to give for each event, so we will content ourselves with mentioning the men likely to win. At the London Athletic Club Meeting, the 100 Yards will be won by Mr. Toller, unless either Mr. Colbeck, or Mr. Collett run, when we shall look for the former gentleman's victory. For the Half Mile Race the name of Mr. A. Pollock is freely mentioned as a certainty; but we shall differ with that opinion, and expect to see Mr. A. Sarl, in the absence of Mr. W. M. Chinnery, win, with Mr. Pollock second. For the Mile Race we do not imagine there will be a good field, as regards quality, so will refrain from prognosticating thereon. The Seven Miles Walking Challenge Cup will be won by that excessively fair walker, Mr. R. H. Nann; and a very improved man will be found in Mr. Fry. The remaining races will be handicaps, and, as we have not the starts, we can form no opinion as to their results. The Oxford and Cambridge Sports will be held on Thursday, at Lillie Bridge, when some exciting contests may be expected; indeed, more general interest is taken in this gathering than any other throughout the year. The result of the 100 Yards Race at Cambridge show two very formidable opponents, in Messrs. Clark and Dawson, to the hitherto unconquered Mr. T. G. Wilson, of Oxford, who, unless his sprained ankle is quite sound, will at last be defeated by the Corpus man, Mr. Clarke. In the Quarter of a Mile, it is uncertain who will represent Oxford—probably Messrs. Somers-Smith and Prothero—but, in any case, Mr. Upcher, of Trinity, Cambridge, will repeat his last year's victory. The Mile Race will be, perhaps, the most exciting of any this year; and, if Messrs. Somers-Smith and Benson represent Oxford, against Messrs. Hawtrey and Shann, for Cambridge, we shall expect the dark blue to just pull through; but we believe it is by no means certain that either Messrs. Smith or Hawtrey run, as the latter will be a certain starter for the Three Miles Race, and the former, who is not very well, may be kept for the Quarter only. The Three Miles will be reduced to a match between Messrs. Morgan, of Oxford, and Hawtrey, of Cambridge, and if the former gentleman is himself, he will, as in the races of the last two years, "walk in." The Hurdles are a most speculative game, and, according to the times performed at Oxford and Cambridge, Mr. Stirling, the light blue winner, appears to have a good thing to himself; but we have seen certainties like Mr. Tiffany, bowled over, so shall consider it anybody's race. In both the high jump and broad ditto, the Oxonians appear to have a decided advantage, as likewise they have in the weight-putting and hammer-throwing. From the above remarks, it will be seen we incline to the Oxonians in the 100 yards, mile, and 3 miles, the stone-putting, and hammer-throwing, high and broad jumps. The only certainty Cambridge appear to have is the quarter-mile; the hurdle race being very open. Under any circumstances we imagine the odd event must be scored by Oxford this year, who have only done so on one occasion previously, viz., in 1868. The Amateur Athletic Club Open Champion will take place on Saturday, so we shall have an opportunity of writing a few lines thereon in our next impression. The entries close to-day to Mr. J. G. Chambers, at 123, Chancery-lane, E.C.

Visitors to Lillie Bridge, who have not seen it lately, will be struck at once with the very great improvements that have taken place in the arrangements of the ground, more especially as regards the comfort of ladies, who, now that the Atlas Hotel opens on the ground, will have plenty of shelter in the event of the weather proving inclement.

[We have received a communication from the Secretary of the South Essex Athletic Club, complaining of our contributor having stated—first, that the members of that Club were "not gentlemen;" secondly, that three of its members had been placed, first, second, and third, in a recent steeplechase. The latter mistake is corrected in this week's article. We cannot find any statement to the effect that the members of the S. S. A. Club were not gentlemen, in the article adverted to; but we willingly disclaim, both on the part of our contributor and of ourselves, any desire to impugn the respectability of that association.—Ed. Man About Town.]

RACING FIXTURES.

April.			
Royal Artillery, Woolwich	4	Durham	18
Northampton	5	Enfield	18
York	6	Knighton	19
Aldershot	7	Isle of Wight	20
West Drayton	7	South Essex	21
Thirsk	7	East Sussex Hunt	23
Cheltenham	7	Cardiff	26
Liverpool Hunt	9	Exeter	27
Kingsbury	18	Croydon	28
Newmarket Craven	18	Eglinton Hunt	28
May.			
Newmarket 1st Spring	2	Doncaster	19
Sevenoaks	5	Wye	19
Edinburgh	7	Harpenden	20
Chester	10	Bath	24
Winchester	10	Stamford	26
Salisbury	12	Croydon	26
Chelmsford	17	Epsom	31
York	17		
June.			
Spennymoor	6	Newcastle	21
Croydon	8	Hampton	23
Manchester	8	Odiham	28
Ascot	14	Newton	29
Beverley	15	Bibury Club	29
Windsor	21	Stockbridge	30
July.			
Sutton Park	5	West Drayton	14
Newmarket July	5	Southampton	14
Carlisle	5	Isle of Man	14
Worcester	7	Knutsford	15
Pontefract	11	Huntingdon	19
Nottingham	12	Kingsbury	21
Reading	12	Goodwood	26

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles)	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2½ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles)	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1⅝ miles)	Tues., August 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., August 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., August 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1⅝ miles)	Thurs., August 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs)	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.)	Tuesday, Oct. 25.

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—THIS EVENING, will be performed, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, LES HUGUENOTS.

Raoul di Nangis, Herr Wachtel (his first appearance in that character in England); Conte St. Bris, M. Petit; Marcello, Signor Bagagiolo; Conte di Nevers, Signor Cotogni; De Retz, Signor Rossi; Meru, Signor Casaboni; Mauravert, Signor Fallar; Huguenot Soldier, Signor Marino; Urbano, Mdlle. Scalchi; Margarita di Valois, Madame Vanzini; Dama d'Onore, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Valentina, Mdlle. Titiens (her first appearance this season). Conductor, Signor Vianese. Stage Manager, Mr. A. Harris. The Opera will commence at Half-past Eight.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON'S ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place THIS EVENING (Saturday).

MR. SOTHERN will perform the character of Sir Hugh de Brass, THIS EVENING (Saturday). Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON'S BENEFIT.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

MR. J. L. TOOLE and Mr. H. Irving will appear in the farce of ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS, THIS EVENING (Saturday). Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON'S BENEFIT.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

MR. T. C. KING will perform HAMLET, Second Act, THIS EVENING (Saturday). Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON'S BENEFIT.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, Miss Furtado, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon, in the Cottage Scene from the Fourth Act of THE WILLOW COPSE, THIS EVENING (Saturday). Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON'S BENEFIT.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY, Second and Third Acts, will be performed THIS EVENING (Saturday), supported by the entire strength of the Drury Lane Company. Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON'S BENEFIT.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET
LAST SIX NIGHTS of Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary, and Last Six Nights of Mr. Buckstone as Asa Trenchard, in OUR AMERICAN COUSIN, in consequence of an entire change of performance on Saturday, April 9. THIS EVENING, at Seven, AN ALARMING SACRIFICE. At twenty minutes to Eight, OUR AMERICAN COUSIN. Characters by Mr. Sothern, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Braid, Mr. Rogers; Mrs. Chippendale, Miss F. Wright, Miss F. Gwynne, Miss C. Hill, &c. Concluding with SHOCKING EVENTS: Mr. Compton, Mr. Chippendale, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. Many inquiries having been made for the greatly successful Comedy, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, it will be performed on Saturday, April 9, for Eleven Nights only, as a New Rustic Comedy, by H. T. Craven, Esq., will be produced on Monday, April 25, in which Mr. Sothern will appear. Box-office open daily, from ten to five.

SOTHERN.—LAST SIX NIGHTS of LORD DUNDREARY.
HAYMARKET THEATRE.

BUCKSTONE. — LAST SIX NIGHTS as ASA TRENCHARD.
HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Great Novelty and Attraction.—Tenth Night of a new and original Domestic Drama in Four Acts, by Henry J. Byron, Esq., with new scenery by Mr. Hawes Craven, entitled THE PROMPTER'S BOX; a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. Principal characters by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Henry J. Byron, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Miss Furtado.—THIS EVENING, at 7.0, MY PRECIOUS BETSY: Messrs. J. G. Taylor, C. J. Smith, and Miss Eliza Johnstone. After which (tenth time), THE PROMPTER'S BOX; a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. Mr. Benjamin Webster; Mr. Henry J. Byron; Messrs. J. G. Beveridge, J. G. Taylor, R. Phillips, Ashley, C. H. Stephenson, C. J. Smith, W. H. Eburne; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Lavis, and Miss Furtado. To conclude with WHITEBAIT AT GREENWICH: Messrs. J. G. Taylor, Ashley, C. H. Stephenson; Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Lennox Grey. Box-office open from ten to five. No fees for booking.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX, by Henry J. Byron. A great success. Commences at a quarter to eight.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX. Places can be booked a fortnight in advance, without fees. Commencing at a quarter to eight.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—At 7, Operetta, THE HAPPY VILLAGE. Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine; Mr. Perrini, Mr. Teesdale, &c. 7.45, Mr. Alfred Wigan (his 19th appearance this season) in the popular Comic Musical Drama, THE FIRST NIGHT, supported by Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine, Mr. J. Robins, Mr. Maclean, and chorus. 9.0 (19th time at this hour), H. J. Byron's successful three-act Drama, UNCLE DICK'S DARLING (94th night). Mr. J. L. Toole, Miss Neilson, Mr. H. Irving, Mr. J. Clayton, &c. At 11.0, BALLET. Miss Henri, Miss Marlowe, Mr. Brian, and Corps. Carriages at 11.15.

GAIETY.—Mr. ALFRED WIGAN EVERY NIGHT.

GAIETY.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE EVERY NIGHT.

GAIETY.—Miss NEILSON EVERY NIGHT.

GAIETY.—NO FEES.—Prices, 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open from ten to five.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD as H.R.H. the Princess Pocahontas, in the Grand Indian Burlesque, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. "A brilliant success."—Times. "An immense success." Standard.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—108th Night of LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Flutter Song—Dutchman's Wee Dog—Britannia's Bend—Mammoth Sunflower—The Velocipede. "A decided success."—The Daily Telegraph. "Most legitimate success."—Daily News.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—143rd Night of SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments, at 7 o'clock. At 9.15, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Scene 1. Immigration. Scene 2. Examination. Scene 3. Intimidation. Scene 4. Recreation. Scene 5. Preservation. To conclude with AN UNHAPPY PAIR. Box-office open from ten till five.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—LAST SEVEN NIGHTS.—Triumphant success of CHILPERIC, the great Opera Bouffe, in English. Supported by Messrs. Marius (Folies Dramatiques), Aynsley Cook, H. Rowland, Vincent, Odell, and Mons. Hervé.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—CHILPERIC at 8.15. The great Umbrella Chorus. Hervé's Song of the Butterfly and Duet with Miss Muir encored nightly.—Last Seven Nights.

LYCEUM THEATRE. — The brilliant DANCE of CONFUSION and finale to the Second Act raises the nightly crowded audiences to a pitch of enthusiasm unprecedented in theatrical annals.—Last Seven Nights.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Places can be secured in advance; and the Management beg to inform the public that the performances conclude in time for the late trains.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—In active preparation, and will be produced on EASTER MONDAY, the marvellously successful Opera Bouffe, LITTLE FAUST, by Hervé, which ran 300 Nights in Paris.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), for Seven Nights only, LE COMPOSITEUR TOQUE (in French), in which the Composer and Author, M. Hervé, will sustain his original character.

LYCEUM THEATRE. — On MONDAY NEXT, April 4, great attraction for the BENEFIT of LA SOCIETE FRANCAISE DE SECOURS. Full particulars will be duly announced.

PRETTY SUSAN, DON'T SAY NO, 1,869th time. CAPTAIN CROSSTREE IS HIS NAME, 928th time. The song of the Tittlebat and Swimming Chorus, EVERY EVENING. Messrs Dewar, Danvers; Mesdames Saunders, Parkes, Oliver.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN, Burnand's Great Burlesque, 460th night.—Captain Crosstree, Mr. Dewar; Dame Hatley, Mr. Danvers; Shaun, Miss Saunders; William, Miss Caroline Parkes; Black-eyed Susan, Miss M. Oliver.—ROYALTY THEATRE.

ASTLEY'S.—GRAND DUCHESS.—Great success of the COVENT GARDEN OPERA COMPANY. Enthusiastic Reception. Miss Emily Soldene, Miss Marie Cruise, Mdlle. Esta; Messrs. Beverley, E. Rosenthal, Fred, Harry, and W. H. Payne, W. Norton, and J. D. Stoyle. The celebrated Finale to Act Second danced by Mdlle. Esta, and Messrs. Fred, Harry, and W. H. Payne. Conductor, Mr. W. Reed. Commence at 7.45. Pit, One Shilling.

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